# Laſt SPEECH,

AND

# Confeſſion

OF THE

# WHORE of *BABYLON*,

At her place of Execution, on the Fifth of *November* laſt.

Whereunto is added,

The Famous Story of the BELL, uſed by the *Iriſh* Papiſts, taken out of the Biſhop of *Down* and *Conner*'s Epiſtle to his *Perſwaſive againſt POPERY*.

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Nola *to them did give a* Bow,
La Fleche *a* Dart *did bring*;
*But who upon them will beſtow*
*What they deſerve*, A String.

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# THE WHORE OF BABYLONS Laſt SPEECH and CONFESSION.

MAy it pleaſe your Young Wits, to hearken to me one word or two before you make me a Sacrifice to your popular Fury; and ſeeing you muſt be my Judges; let it not be ſaid, you were more forward to ſit upon my Skirts than upon my Cauſe; and ſo hang me before you try me.

Alas! Good Boys, I am afraid you have ſucke in your Enmity againſt Me, with your Mothers Milk: and your Tutors, who ſhould have learnt

you to rise up before the Aged, and reverence my Antiquity, hath learnt you to call me, (who pretend to be your Mother) *WHORE*: Nor is that all; but *I* must be a *Witch* too, and be burnt for one. Had it not been enough for you to duck me, or pump me, but you must burn me too? well I know what all this is for: 'tis your Guides have taught you this, calling me, *a Deceiver of the Nations, and one that hath made the world drunk with the Cup of Fornication.* Well, well, Gentlemen, when you burnt me in the City last 5. *Nov.* I dare appeal to to all the Company, if I did appear such a Beauty, as to bewitch you, or any body else, with my Face: I know nothing that was so takeing in it but my *Roman Nose.* When yon bid your Fellow-Wags first take me & hang me upon an approved Gibbet, and be sure snickle me fast, lest I slipt the knot by some Equivocation, then let me hang in a perpendicular Line without motion, then turn me gingerly towards the Fire, as if you had a design to warm me; but I know your Intent--- However pray consider what you do before you proceed farther: Remember the strange & mighty Feats that have been done by me: have you heard of none of my Miracles? Did you never read the Story of *St. Francis*, who hath done more Miracles than all the Apostles, (if you will believe me,

and

and if you won't, the Devil take you.) I ſay, my St. *Francis* was once at Maſs, and as he was going to drink, he ſaw a Spider in the Chalice: Now, you muſt know, he was loth to loſe a Drop of Blood for a ſorry Spider and therefore off it goes: Preſently his Hipp began to itch, and he falls to ſcratching, and out comes the poor Spider, ſound wind and limb, as ever ſhe went in. Do not think, Sirrahs, the Spider afterwards ſpun this Cob-web-ſtory to catch ſuch young fools as you. No, I can tell you another.

One of my *D*aughters at *Venice*, a certain Nun there, (ah poor thing! it would break her heart, to ſee me in this pickle.) But to my ſtory. This Nun uſed to faſt ſometimes a week, ſometimes a fortnight together, or more, feeding her ſelf upon nothing elſe but pious Meditations and devout Prayers all the while. I know not why this may not go for a Miracle; although it afterwards was found, ſhe had an Alabaſter Box, made in the faſhion of a Bible, filled with Marchpanes, *S*weetmeats and *S*pirits, by the help of which ſhe could faſt very handſomly.

*Bellarmine* tells us of a Mare kept three days without Meat, and when Provender was offered her in the preſence of our Breaden-God, ſhe would not touch it, (the miſery is, ſhe was Chap-

fall'n) nay she fell down upon her Knees and worship'd the Host, (because she could stand no longer.) Just when she was brought to live without Meat, the poor Mare died.

*St. Dunstan* once upon a time (as all Tales begin) was going to consecrate a Church, and, finding it did not point full East and West, he set his shoulder to it, and with one small hitch cured it of its Uncanonicalness.

*Valder* saith (if you will believe him) That *Ignatius* did more Miracles with his Name written in a piece of Paper, than *Moses* and all the Apostles put together.

A Nobleman of *Venice* was troubled with Vomiting, that he could not receive the *Sacrament*: wherenpon the Priest laid it to his heart side, (which opened before them all) the Host went in, his side closed up again, and all was right.

One *Damascene* had his right Hand chopt off, but as he was praying before the Image of the Virgin, his Hand was perfectly set on again.

If these will not prevail upon you, I have no truer stories to give you; you can but send me to Purgatory, and *I* have a *Bell* will soon Ring me out again: And so *I* bid the world good night.

# A brief Relation of the *BELL* uſed by the *Iriſh* Papiſts, taken out of the Biſhop of *Down* and *Connor's* Epiſtle to his *Perſwaſive againſt POPERY.*

I Was lately, within a few Months, very much troubled with Petitions and earneſt Requeſts, for the reſtoring of a Bell which a Perſon of Quality had in the time of, and ever ſince, the late Rebellion. I could not gueſs at the reaſons of their ſo great and violent importunity, but told the Petitioners, if they could prove that Bell to be theirs, the Gentleman was willing to pay the full value of it; though he had no obligation to do ſo (that I know of) but Charity: but this was ſo far from ſatisfying them, that the importunity increaſed; which made me diligently to enquire into the ſecret of it. The firſt cauſe I found was, that a dying Perſon in the Pariſh deſired to have it rung before him to Church, and pretended he could not die in peace if it were denied him; and that the keeping of that Bell did anciently belong to that Family from Father to Son: But becauſe this ſeem'd nothing but a fond and unreaſonable Superſtition, I enquired farther, and at laſt found, that they believed this Bell came from

from Heaven, that it could not be carried from place to place, to end Controversies by Oath, which the vulgar durst not violate if they swore upon that Bell, and the best men amongst them durst not but believe him, that if this Bell was rung before the Corps to the Grave, it would help him out of Purgatory, and that therefore when any one died, the Friends of the Deceased did, whilst the Bell was in their possession, hire it for the behoof of their dead; and that by this means that Family was in part maintain'd.

*FINIS.*